BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

THE COMIC WITH BANANAMAN YOUR TV STAR

16p
IR-26p
(Inc. VAT)

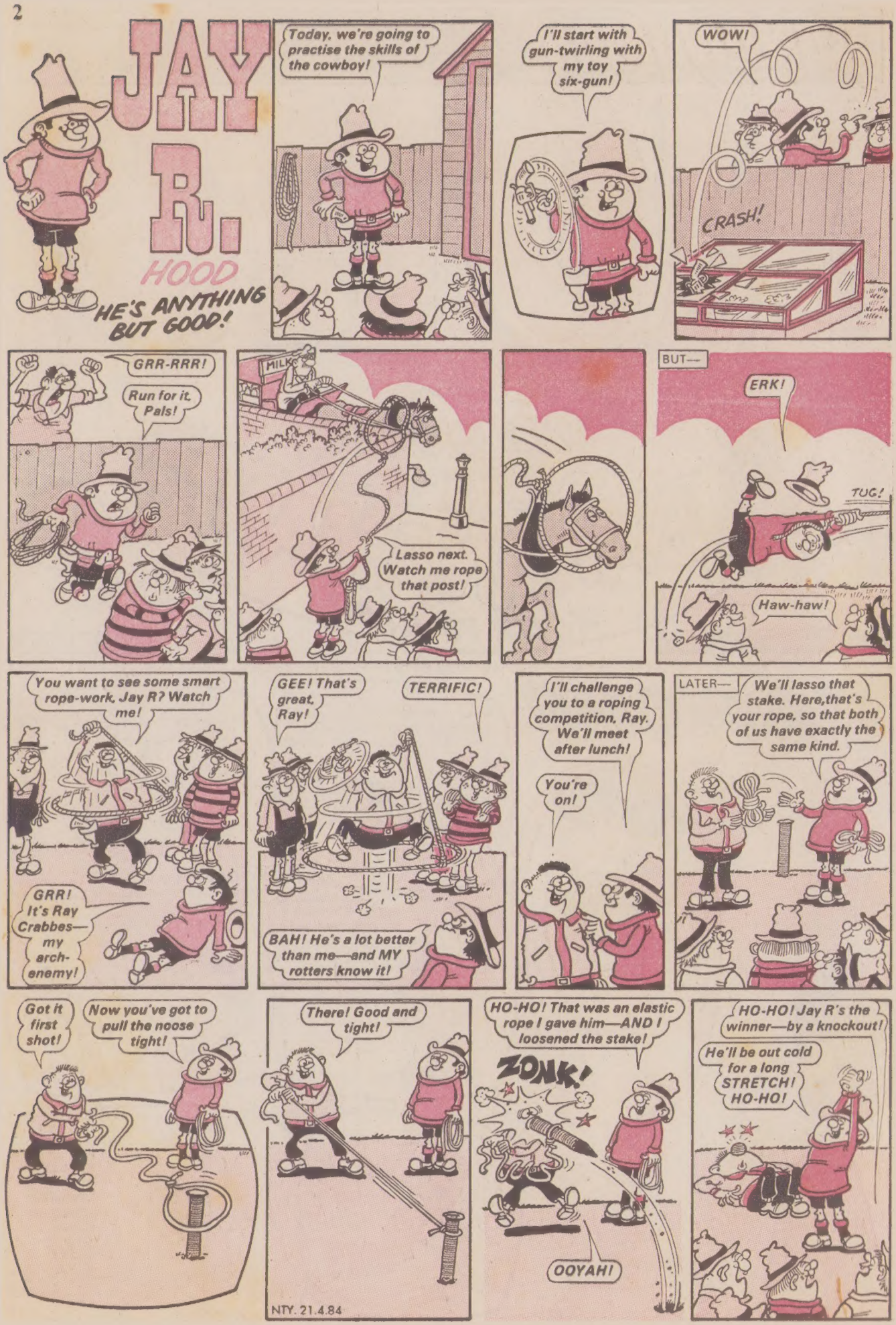
No. 219 April 21st, 1984

EVERY SATURDAY

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN

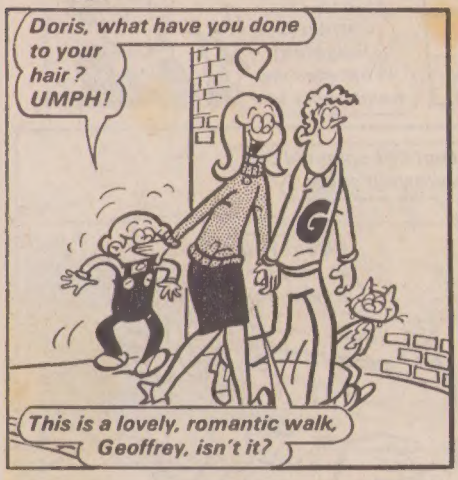
Gosh! You shouldn't be out in such foggy weather, Eric—it's not healthy.
READER'S CONCERN
I'm training for the Nuttytown Marathon actually. I'm running on the SPOCK.
PANT! Wait a minute. I don't have to slog my kneecaps out . . .
I just have to eat a banana.
SCHRUT!
TANTARA! It's me, Fans—I can run like a rhino and jog like a gerbil.
Now YOU run along to the centre pages Readers.


JAY R.
HOOD
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!
Today, we're going to practise the skills of the cowboy!
I'll start with gun-twirling with my toy six-gun!
WOW!
CRASH!
GRR-RRR!
Run for it, Pals!
MILK
Lasso next. Watch me rope that post!
BUT—
ERK!
TUG!
Haw-haw!
You want to see some smart rope-work, Jay R? Watch me!
GRR! It's Ray Crabbes—my arch-enemy!
GEE! That's great, Ray!
TERRIFIC!
BAH! He's a lot better than me—and MY rotters know it!
I'll challenge you to a roping competition, Ray. We'll meet after lunch!
You're on!
LATER—
We'll lasso that stake. Here, that's your rope, so that both of us have exactly the same kind.
Got it first shot!
Now you've got to pull the noose tight!
There! Good and tight!
NTY. 21.4.84
HO-HO! That was an elastic rope I gave him—AND I loosened the stake!
ZONK!
OOYAH!
HO-HO! Jay R's the winner—by a knockout!
He'll be out cold for a long STRETCH! HO-HO!

PETER Pest

I just adore girls with long blonde hair like yours!
Do you, Geoff? SIGH!
HO-HO! That's one guy my sister Doris won't stand a chance with!

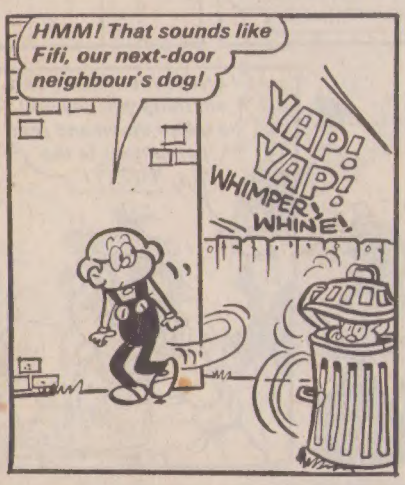
GOOD CLIMBER!
CRIKEY! It's HER! My sister, Doris!


Doris, what have you done to your hair? UMPH!
This is a lovely, romantic walk, Geoffrey, isn't it?

LATER, BACK HOME—
OH-OH!
WHOOP! WHOOP!

Me scalpum Paleface woman!
SNATCH!
SHRIEK! Give me my wig back!

. . . And I don't want Geoffrey to find out it's a blonde wig! Understand?
I won't tell him, Sis!


HMM! That sounds like Fifi, our next-door neighbour's dog!
YAP! YAP! WHIMPER! WHINE!

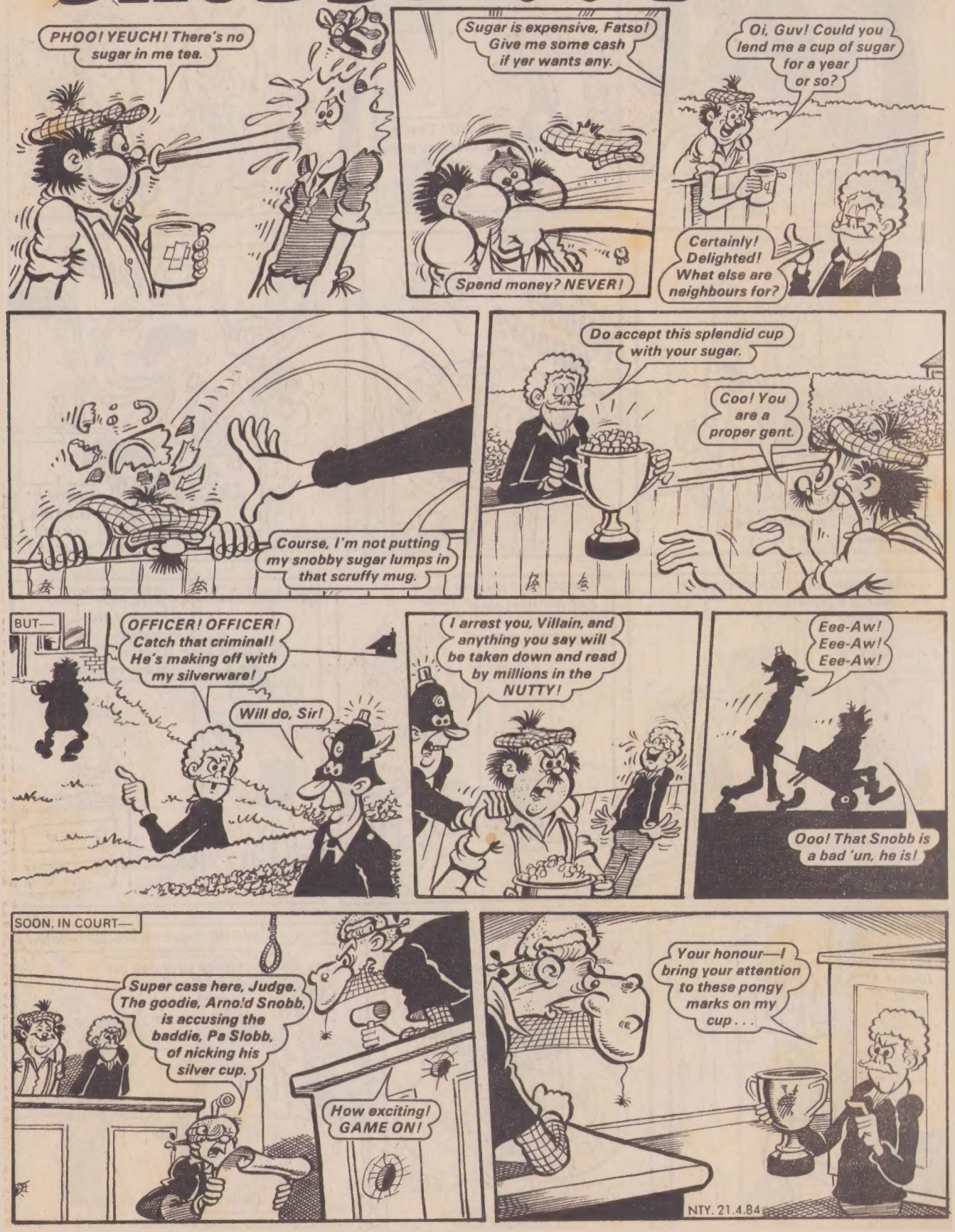
SOON—
GASP!
OH, NO! My wig has vanished—and Geoff will be here any minute!
GONE!

Tum-ti-tum! Now to meet my golden-haired Doris again!
PAT! PAT!

GRR! My wig! Being used on a dog!
But he was freezing after his haircut, Sis!
ZIP!
GASP!
NTY. 21.4.84

AND THEN—
WOW! Doris, you're not blonde!
Keep your hair on, Sis! Geoffrey is as bald as a coot!
GULP!
BAH! I wasted money on a wig just to impress HIM too!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


PHOO! YEUCH! There's no sugar in me tea.
Sugar is expensive, Fatso! Give me some cash if yer wants any.
Spend money? NEVER!
Oi, Guv! Could you lend me a cup of sugar for a year or so?
Certainly! Delighted! What else are neighbours for?
Course, I'm not putting my snobby sugar lumps in that scruffy mug.
Do accept this splendid cup with your sugar.
Coo! You are a proper gent.
BUT—
OFFICER! OFFICER! Catch that criminal! He's making off with my silverware!
Will do, Sir!
I arrest you, Villain, and anything you say will be taken down and read by millions in the NUTTY!
Eee-Aw! Eee-Aw! Eee-Aw!
Ooo! That Snobb is a bad 'un, he is!
SOON, IN COURT—
Super case here, Judge. The goodie, Arnold Snobb, is accusing the baddie, Pa Slobb, of nicking his silver cup.
How exciting! GAME ON!
Your honour—I bring your attention to these pongy marks on my cup . . .
NTY. 21.4.84

. . . only old pongy paws here could leave such marks—he's GUILTY!
Huh! I'm innocent!
For MY first witness I call Inspector Bert of the yard.
Oo-er! Is that Scotland Yard?
Naw! It's Bert from Bert's scrap yard. He's an any-old-iron inspector.
This 'ere jug is a fake—ain't worth more than two balloons and a whistle. Pa'd never pinch this!
Hmm! Interesting! My years of judging tell me someone here is FIBBING!
THEN—
Let me examine the cup.
AWARDED TO ARNOLD SNOBB CHAMPION WOUNDED WATER-BUFFALO WRESTLER
This is a fake! A puny toad like you couldn't wrestle a gerbil—YOU ARE THE FIBBER!
Squeak!
I find you GUILTY of being a real naughty lad!
BONK!
Hee! Hee! What a hoot!
Ma was right—sugar is expensive! That cup-full just cost him a £100 fine! Chort! Chort!
Whimper!
Hand over the cash, Snobb!
NTY. 21.4.84

THIS WEEK-
Little ERIC
OOOH! I've got a really bad tummy-ache today! GROAN!
RING!
TRING!
HOI, Eric! Your phone is ringing!
GOSH! So it is!
RING! RING!
RING!
HELLO? EH?
Thank Goodness you've answered! I've been ringing for ages!
There's a ship in trouble at the mouth of the river. It's definitely a job for Bananaman!
OOOH! Not today! Normally I LOVE 'em, but I just couldn't face eating a banana—or anything else today!
But you must! I'll cover your eyes so that you won't see what you're eating!
GERROFF! MMF! Don't be so daft!
Maybe I can turn into Bananaman WITHOUT eating a banana! Let's see if I can fly!
HUP!
DOOF!
SPLOOOSH!
FLY? You can't even DIVE very well!
There's no other way. You've GOT to eat this banana!
OOOH! I can't! The very thought makes me feel ill!
Maybe it'll work if you put it in your ear . . .
ERK!
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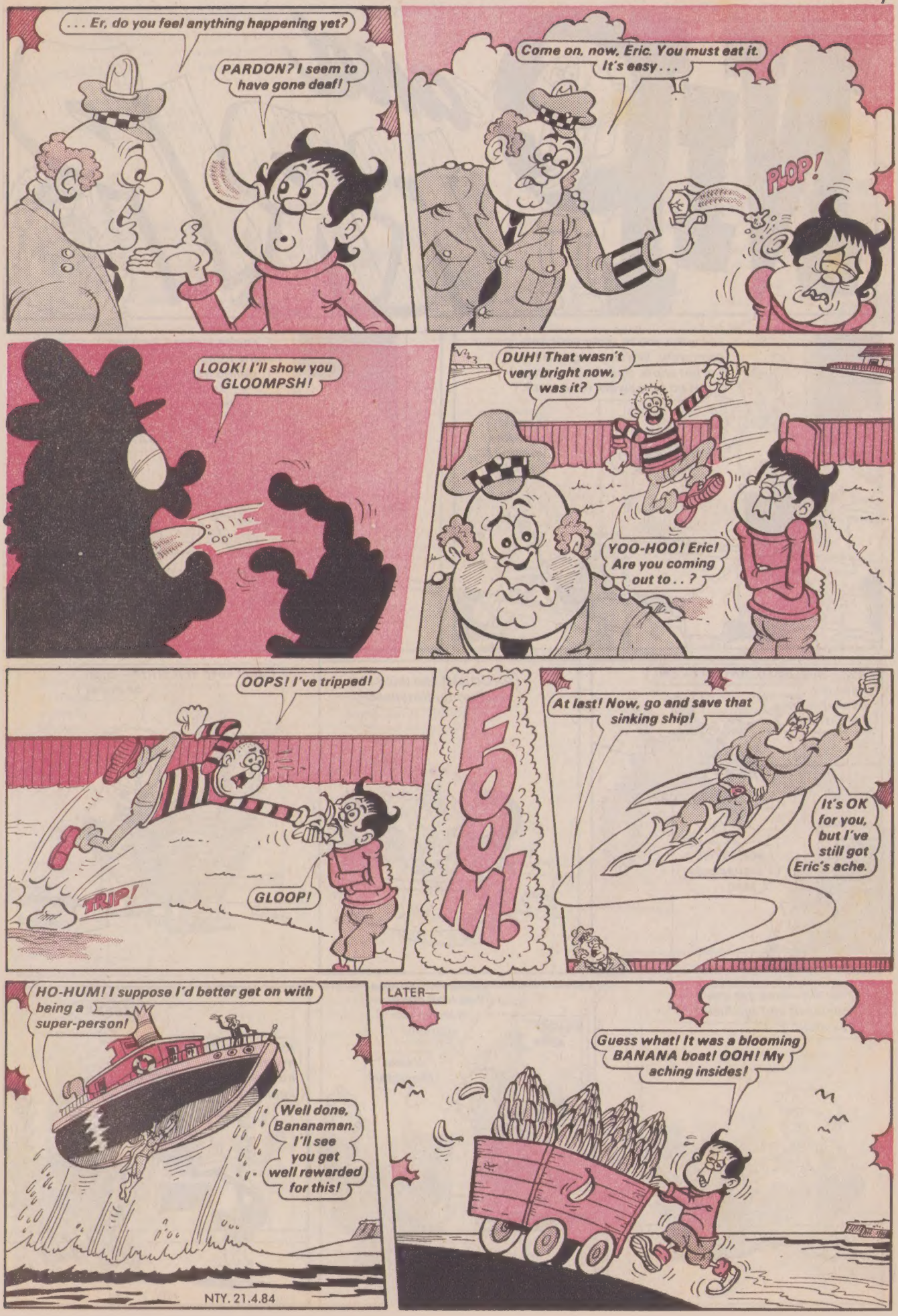
. . . Er, do you feel anything happening yet?
PARDON? I seem to have gone deaf!
Come on, now, Eric. You must eat it. It's easy . . .
PLOP!
LOOK! I'll show you GLOOMPSH!
DUH! That wasn't very bright now, was it?
YOO-HOO! Eric! Are you coming out to . . ?
OOPS! I've tripped!
TRIP!
GLOOP!
FOOM!
At last! Now, go and save that sinking ship!
It's OK for you, but I've still got Eric's ache.
HO-HUM! I suppose I'd better get on with being a super-person!
Well done, Bananaman. I'll see you get well rewarded for this!
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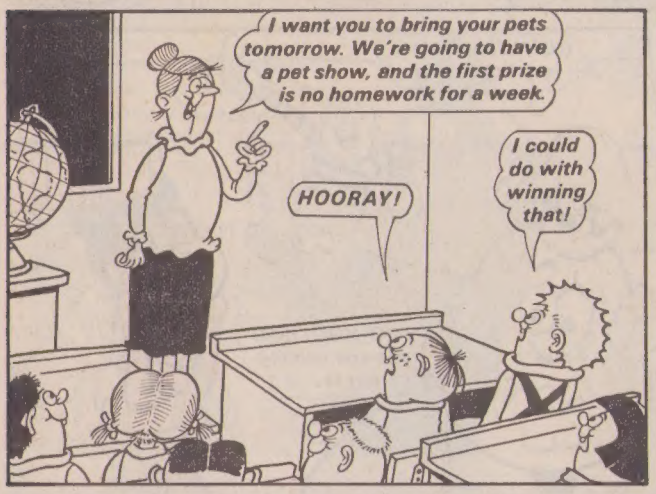
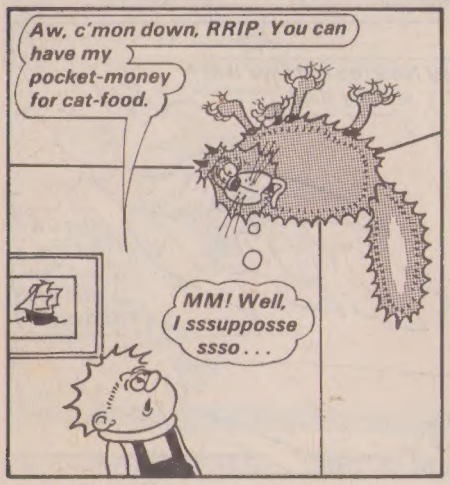
LATER—
Guess what! It was a blooming BANANA boat! OOH! My aching insides!

MIP and RRIP


I want you to bring your pets tomorrow. We're going to have a pet show, and the first prize is no homework for a week.
HOORAY!
I could do with winning that!

You're entered for a pet show tomorrow—so you're gonna have a bath and some beauty treatment, RRIP!
WHAAAAT?
SHAMPOO
TALC

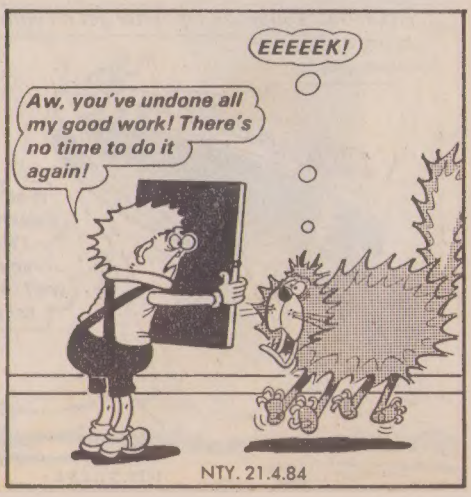

Aw, c'mon down, RRIP. You can have my pocket-money for cat-food.
MM! Well, I sssupposse ssso . . .

GROOGH! The things I sssufferr for Kittynosh!

Just keep still, RRIP—soon be done!
HAIR CURLERS

That's it—let's get the rollers out and see how you look!
WHOOSH!

You look great—want to see yourself?
Yesss, Massster!


EEEEEK!
Aw, you've undone all my good work! There's no time to do it again!
NTY. 21.4.84

CRUMBS! No offence, RRIP, but an alley-cat doesn't stand a chance of winning against all these pampered pets.
Not unless I do sssomething about it!
Now, you behave yourself. We're all off to assembly. Teacher will judge the best pet afterwards.
I alwayss behave myself . . .
PSSST! Those dogs are stickin' their tongues out at you!
Are you talking to me, Peasant? They wouldn't dare!
Why, they DO dare! Let's get them, Chaps!
ERK! Brace yourselves, Lads! We're under attack!
CHARGE!
Now to get rrid of these pesssky birrrds!
WHAM! BAM! WOOF! SNARL!
PHOOEY! Teacher's cushion doesn't taste too good, but it's going to come in handy!
CHOMP!
HIC! BURP! PARRDON! WHO—I mean—what is next on the menu?
WHAM! BAM!
Amazin' how some folk just jump to conclusions, isn't it?
NTY. 21.4.84
You win first prize—as the best-looking pet left!
No homework for a week—I didn't think you could win, RRIP!
THISSS pet can show any pet how to win pet showsss!

ZZZ
SNOOZER
BAH! Nowhere for a lie-down in here today and Mum's locked me out of my bedroom.
ONE BRAINWAVE LATER—
I'll find somewhere to lie all right . . .
. . . with my very own LIE DETECTOR.
AHA! It's on the trail of a likely snoozing spot already.
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
SHORTLY—
WOOF! WOOF!
WOW! This place is taken, I think.
SNARL!
THUD!
OOF! I think I'd better let SLEEPING DOGS LIE!
AAH! Dad's greenhouse. That's a lovely warm place.
BZZZ!
I'd know that sound ANYWHERE.
NASTY WASP! TAKE THA . . . OO-ER!
SWAT!
ZZ! OOYAH!
GOSH! My detector must be throwing its voice.
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
BUT—
OH, NO! I've been detected by The Nuttytown metal detector club.
I'll never get peace now.
BEEP! BEEP!
I DETECT Snoozer is a little annoyed.
BEEP! BEEP!
READER'S VOICE
NTY. 21.4.84

SPORTS FAN

'SME!

Doing a spot of drawing today instead of sport, eh, Fan?

READER'S VOICE

Well, yes and no.

I've drawn a goal on Dad's garage so I can play FOOTBALL.

Fan's beaten five men. The goalie's nowhere to be seen. She must score.

BUT—

Fan shoots . . .

PHOW!

BLUGH!

STRANGE! I thought I saw a goalie there—must've been imagining things.

SLAM

Little pest! Now maybe I'll get my car out.

Where did my ball go?

MOMENTS LATER—

Fan's through again and she has a wide open goal in front of her.

Drat! I've shot past the post—what a terrible drive.

YEOW!

YEEIKES! She's made me accidentally change gear.

Oo-er!

OIL

NTY. 21.4.84

GOLLY! That's a worse DRIVE than mine.

OH. NO!

CRASH!

FUME! SNORT! GRR!

I don't know what DAD'S so angry about. I'VE got to draw a completely new goal now.

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I'll just need a little limber-up before I shatter the world record.

A marathon will be a cinch to me—I reckon I could run it in my sleep.

GOSH! The race is tomorrow and I'm simply FAR TOO FIT for it.

BOASTING AGAIN!

GUZZLE! CHOMP! Lots and lots of food will slow me down.

DURING THE NIGHT—

Followed by a night without sleep and I'll be fit for nothing.

NEXT MORNING—

I feel AWFUL! I've a head like a week-old porridge pot. The other runners can't say I don't give them a chance.

NJTTYTOWN MARATHON

SUPERVILLAINS

Well, if it isn't Bananabrain. We'll give you a run for your money.

Oo-er, this could be a TRAP!

Put him in his starting box, Maurice. CACKLE!

WOW! It's a GREYHOUND TRAP! I didn't think I'd have to chase a hare in the marathon.

Snarl! Bark! Chomp!

YEEOW!

HA! HA! The HAIR'S certainly flying. I don't know about the HARE.

GRR!

AAIEE! I couldn't bear twenty six miles of this.

SOON

WHINE! WHINE!

I've shaken off that vicious brute and all the other runners.

SIGH! What now?

After half-eating me, it wants me to carry it. I'm a mug for a SHAGGY DOG STORY.

Have a cool FIZZY drink. It'll make you BOMB round the course.

It's the evil AUNTIE. Er, thanks.

BUT--

FIZZ!

NO! That would be cheating. I'll let somebody else have it.

OH, NO!

BADOOM!

BLISTERING BANANASKINS! I think I did the right thing there in the LONG RUN.

GROAN! We can't run like this.

HA! HA Their running vests are now STRING vests.

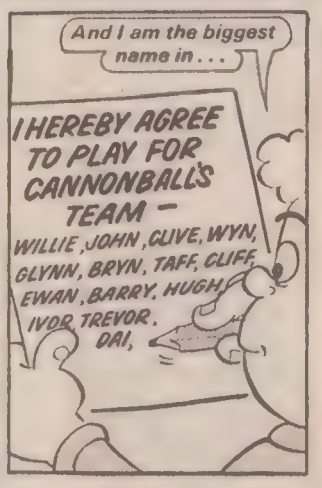
The Ed should've SACKED that bunch ages ago. Hee! Hee!

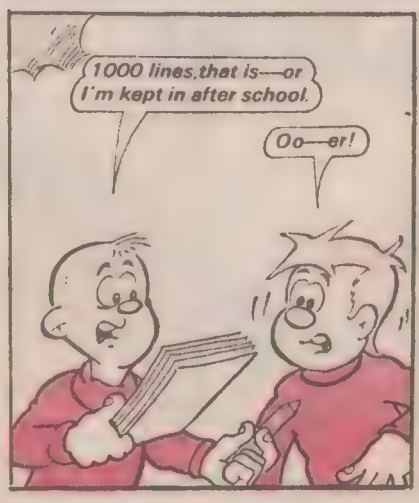
YIPPEE! Bananaman's won.

NTY. 21.4.84

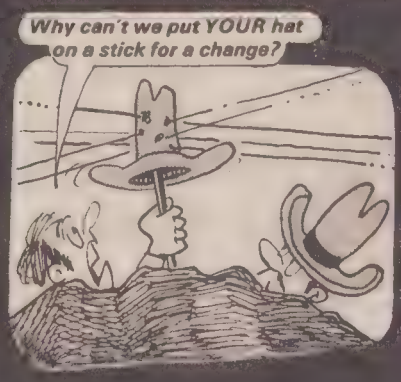
Cannonball Kid

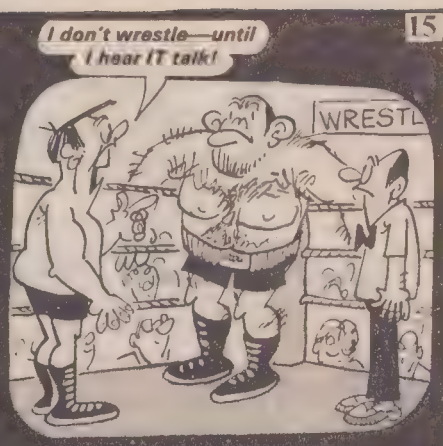
HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

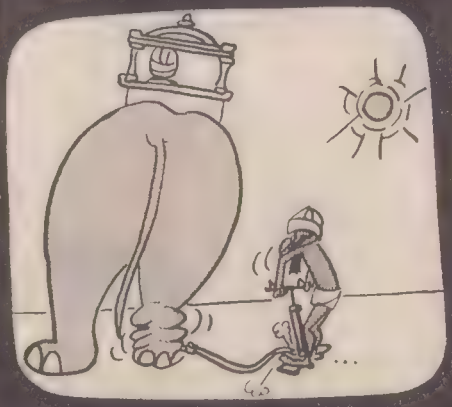

And I am the biggest name in . . .
I HEREBY AGREE TO PLAY FOR CANNONBALL'S TEAM —
WILLIE, JOHN, CLIVE, WYN, GLYNN, BRYN, TAFF, CLIFF, EWAN, BARRY, HUGH, IVOR, TREVOR, DAI,

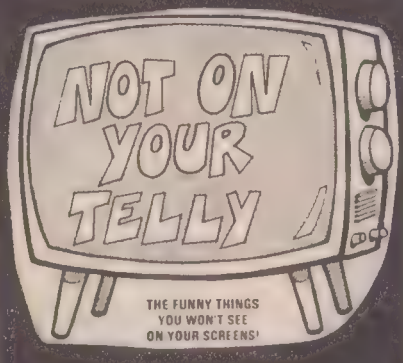


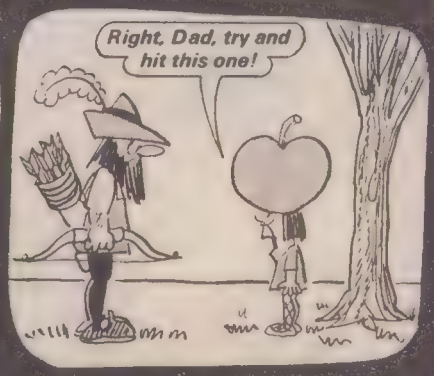
It's a good idea, but I don't really think it will stop a missile!
MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
AIR DEFENCE UNIT


Why can't we put YOUR hat on a stick for a change?


I don't wrestle—until I hear IT talk!
WRESTL




NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!

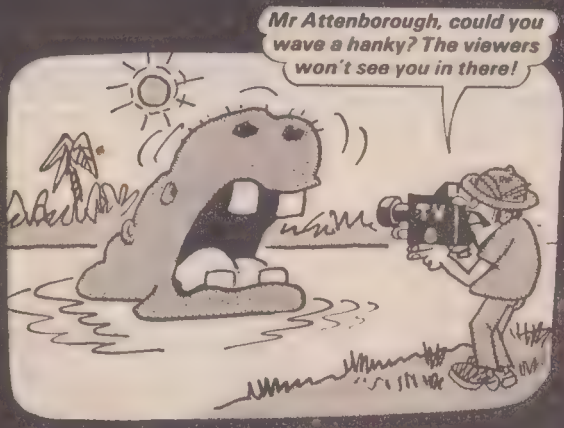

Right, Dad, try and hit this one!

I got him to talk, Sire . . . He said "AAARGH!"

In your case I think we can make an exception!
LOANS

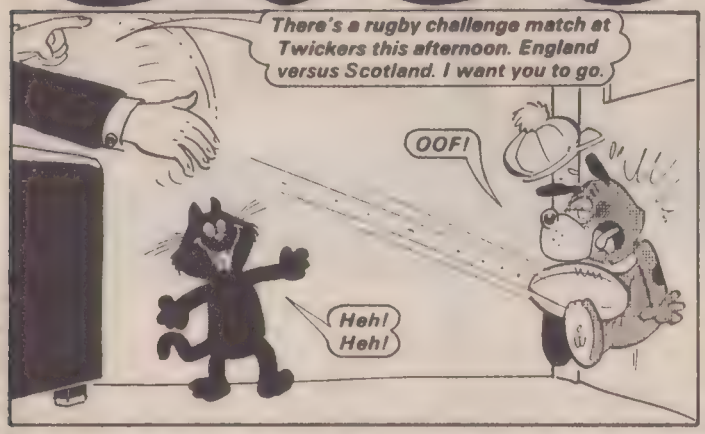
Do you fancy taking on my job as captain, Sailor?

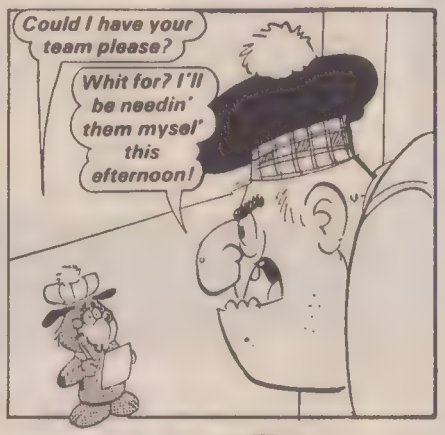
GRRR!!!
SECURISAFE

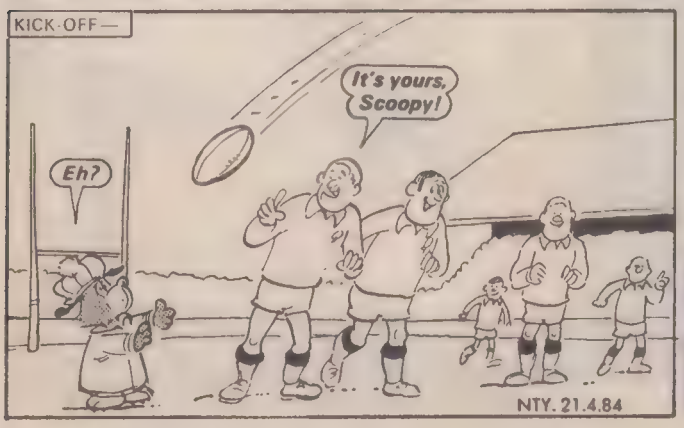

Mr Attenborough, could you wave a hanky? The viewers won't see you in there!
TV

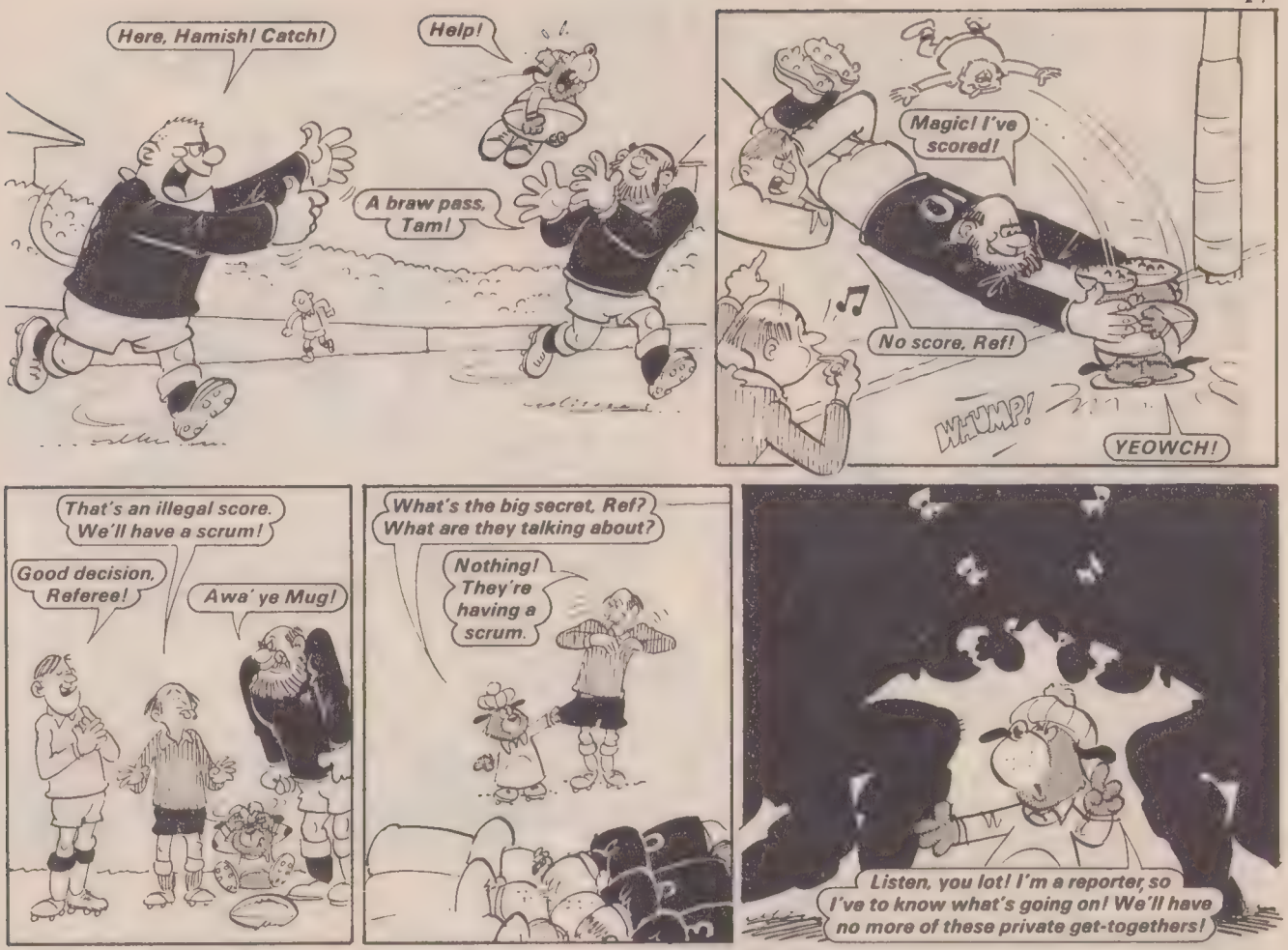
SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS



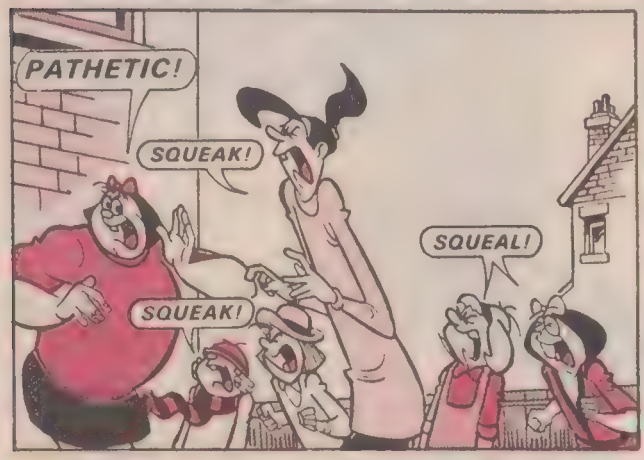




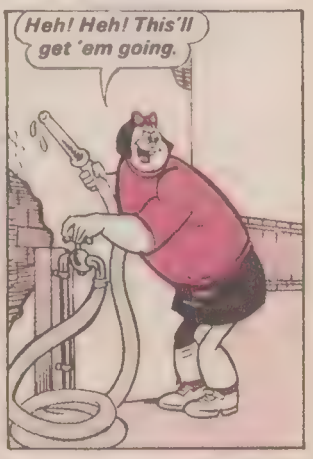

Here, Hamish! Catch!
Help!
A braw pass, Tam!
Magic! I've scored!
No score, Ref!
WHUMP!
YEOWCH!
That's an illegal score. We'll have a scrum!
Good decision, Referee!
Awa' ye Mug!
What's the big secret, Ref? What are they talking about?
Nothing! They're having a scrum.
Listen, you lot! I'm a reporter, so I've to know what's going on! We'll have no more of these private get-togethers!
THEN—
Yours, Scoopy!
Oh-oh! Look at the time! I'd forgotten all about it!
Scoopy's scored!
Jings! Whaur did he go?
Help ma boab!
I'm off! And I don't need this ball anymore!
THUD!
TEN MINUTES LATER—
Phew! I'm not too late, am I? It's Saturday and I almost forgot!
I've one left, Scoopy! You're just in time!
NTY. 21.4.84
I couldn't miss my copy of " Nutty "!
NUTTYTOWN NEWS
UNKNOWN DOG SCORES WINNING TRY AT TWICKERS

PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

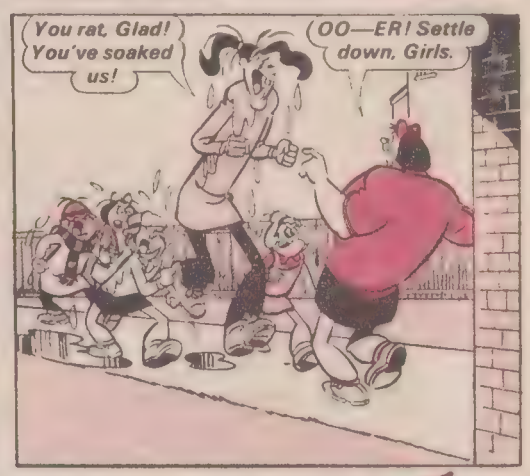
Right, Army—let's try it!
Harrumph!
Cough!


PATHETIC!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAL!

That was a feeble attempt.

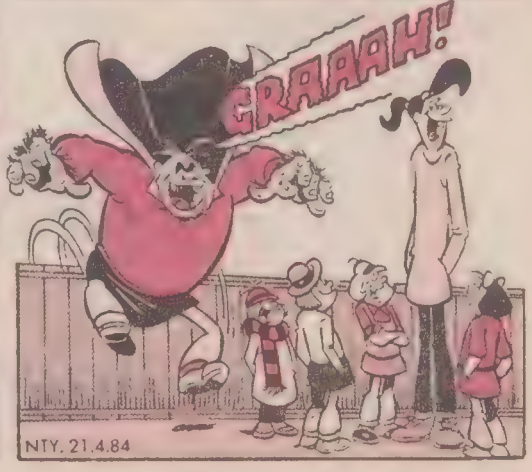

Heh! Heh! This'll get 'em going.

EEEK!
Tsk! That's not much better.

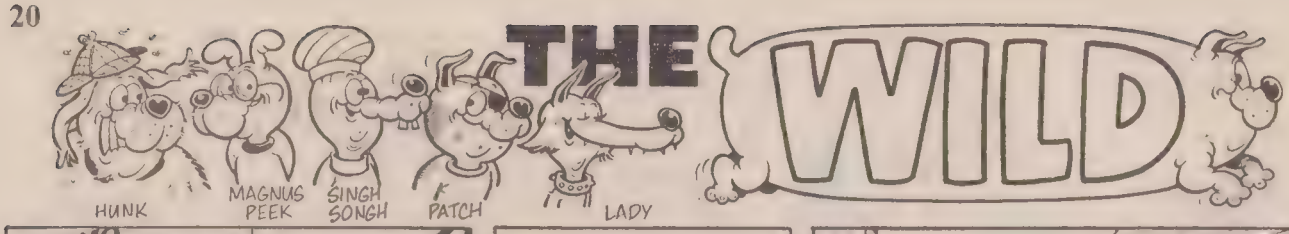

You rat, Glad! You've soaked us!
OO—ER! Settle down, Girls.

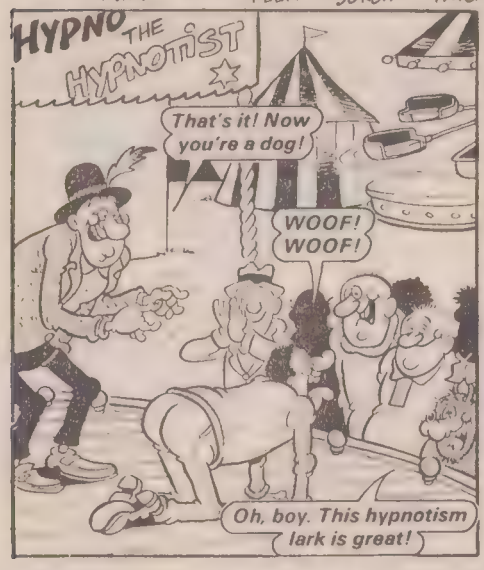
Don't go away. I've another idea.

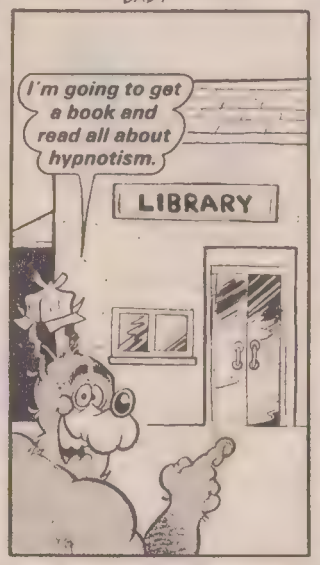
Check this, Readers. Terrifying, don't you think?

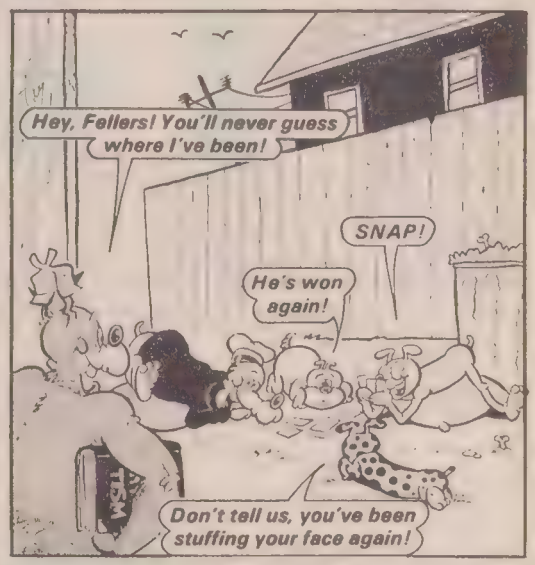

GRAAAH!
NTY. 21.4.84

Weren't you scared of my disguise?
Not particularly!
THEN—
Can I borrow Fangs, Mr Digby?
Sure, Glad.
Heh! Heh! If Fangs doesn't do it—nothing will!
RROWF!
Okay, Army—let it rip!
SNAP!
Aw—oo's a nice doggy-woggy?
AARGH! I thought they'd be petrified.
Diddums is a fwiendly doddy.
I give up! Nothing seems to get through to them.
THEN—
L-look—A mouse!
SHRIEK!
TERRIFIC!
HOWL!
SCREAM!
SQUEAL!
That was a great rehearsal—now we can really enjoy ourselves tonight.
NTY. 21.4.84
SCREAM!
Heh! Heh! No use going to a pop concert if you can't give a good scream.

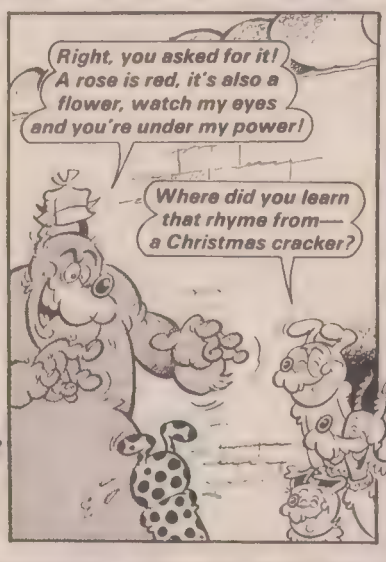

THE WILD
HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY


HYPNO THE HYPNOTIST
That's it! Now you're a dog!
WOOF! WOOF!
Oh, boy. This hypnotism lark is great!


I'm going to get a book and read all about hypnotism.
LIBRARY


Hey, Fellers! You'll never guess where I've been!
SNAP!
He's won again!
Don't tell us, you've been stuffing your face again!

I saw a great hypnotist at the fair, and this book tells you how to do it!
Get away! That's a load of fishwallop!


Right, you asked for it! A rose is red, it's also a flower, watch my eyes and you're under my power!
Where did you learn that rhyme from— a Christmas cracker?

You will obey my every command!
I-WILL-OBEY-YOUR-EVERY-COMMAND!
Blimey! Hunk's done it!

Pick up that dustbin and empty it all over yourself!
I-WILL-OBEY!

AARGH!
All over yourself you said!
Ho! Ho! Silly Villy was just pretending!

What about Hunk?
Yes, he is definitely being the dumpling, yes?
" Subjects should be willing, and daft people are easy to hypnotise."
NTY. 21.4.84

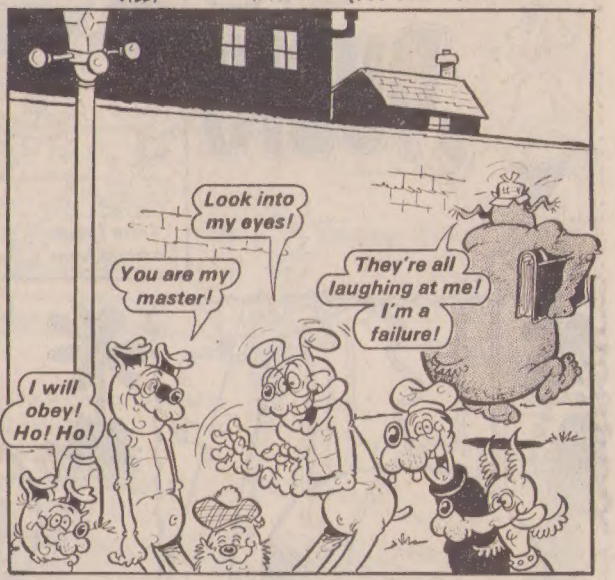
Here, Haggis! Would you mind looking at my broken watch? You used to work for Itch Samuel!
Can a dog no' get ony peace aroond here? Och, let's see it then!

ROVERS

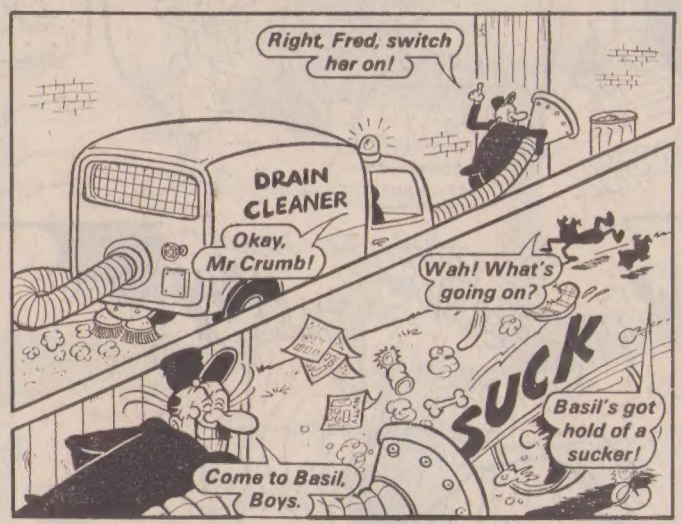
DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

Watch the watch! You're beginning to feel sleepy!
I'm beginning to feel sleepy . . .

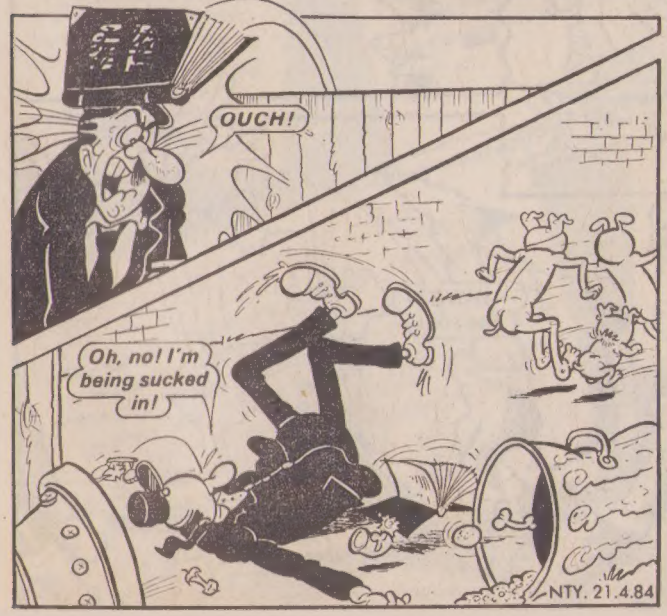
. . . because I'm bored wi' you swingin' that watch aboot! Give it here, Man!
OUCH! No need to get violent, Haggis!

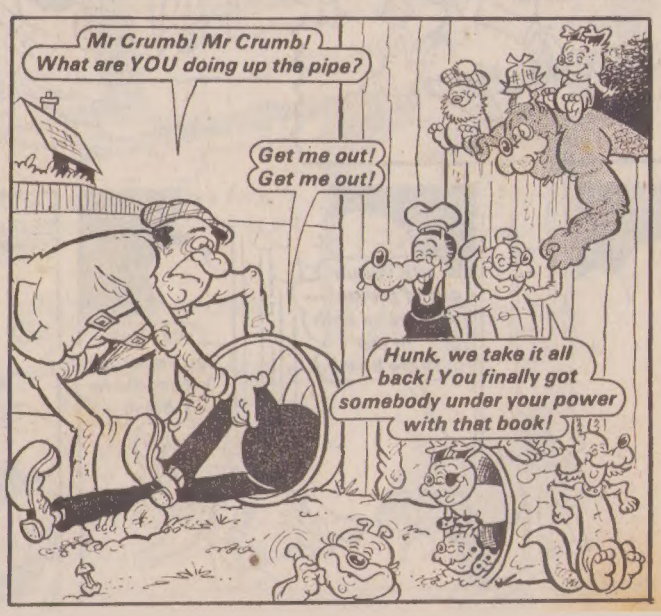

Look into my eyes!
You are my master!
They're all laughing at me! I'm a failure!
I will obey! Ho! Ho!

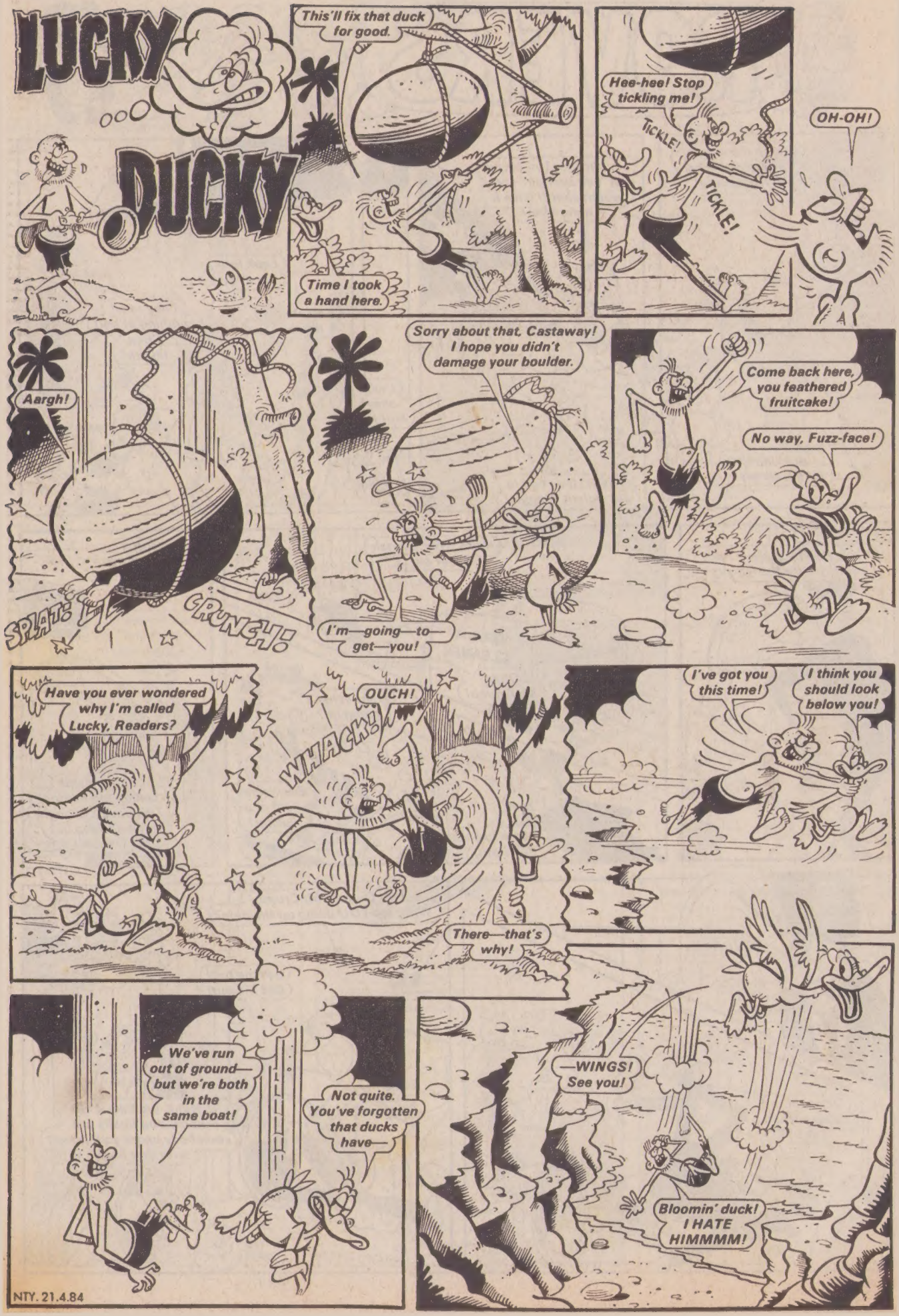
MEANWHILE—
Sssh, Readers! Have I got a surprise for the Rovers!


Right, Fred, switch her on!
DRAIN CLEANER
Okay, Mr Crumb!
Wah! What's going on?
SUCK
Basil's got hold of a sucker!
Come to Basil, Boys.

BIG SUCKER!
They're still calling me names! This book's brought me nothing but trouble!

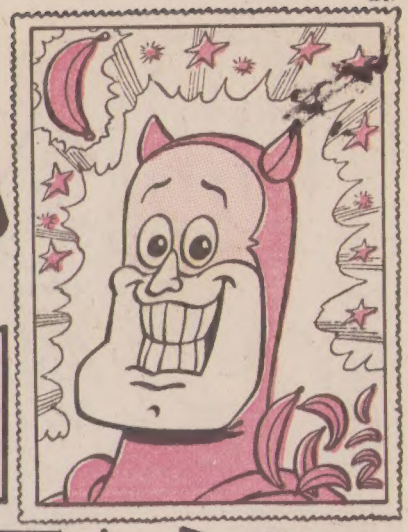

OUCH!
Oh, no! I'm being sucked in!
NTY. 21.4.84


Mr Crumb! Mr Crumb! What are YOU doing up the pipe?
Get me out! Get me out!
Hunk, we take it all back! You finally got somebody under your power with that book!


LUCKY DUCKY
This'll fix that duck for good.
Time I took a hand here.
Hee-hee! Stop tickling me!
TICKLE!
TICKLE!
OH-OH!
Aargh!
SPLAT!
CRUNCH!
Sorry about that, Castaway! I hope you didn't damage your boulder.
I'm—going—to—get—you!
Come back here, you feathered fruitcake!
No way, Fuzz-face!
Have you ever wondered why I'm called Lucky, Readers?
OUCH!
WHACK!
There—that's why!
I've got you this time!
I think you should look below you!
We've run out of ground—but we're both in the same boat!
Not quite. You've forgotten that ducks have—
—WINGS! See you!
Bloomin' duck! I HATE HIMMMM!
NTY. 21.4.84

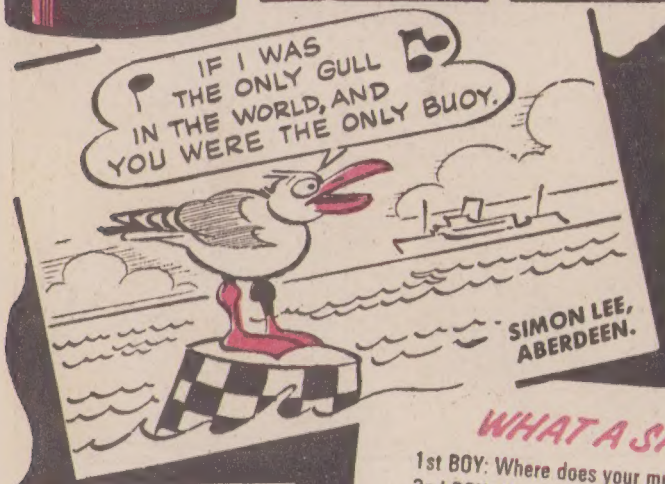
WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.



SIMON LEE, ABERDEEN.

ELEMENTARY!

What famous detective liked to take bubble baths?
SHERLOCK FOAMS!

ANTHONY TRANLEY, CRAWLEY.

VELLY FUNNY!

What has twenty-two legs, two wings and is yellow all over?
A Chinese football team!

EMMA BARRIE, EDINBURGH.

WHAT A STATE!

1st BOY: Where does your mum come from?
2nd BOY: Alaska!
1st BOY: Don't bother, I'll ask her myself!

SUSIE WILKINSON, BOSTON.

GOOD RELATIONS!

GRANDSON: Grandpa, what is a weapon?
GRANDPA: It's something you fight with.
GRANDSON: Is Grandma your weapon?

NUTTY READER, ABERDEEN.

WHAT A NIFF!

An Englishman went into a pig sty. It was so smelly he came out.
A Scotsman went into the same pig sty. It was still smelly and he came out.
Pa Slobb went into the pig sty and the PIGS came out!

HELEN ORSON, BRISTOL.

A FITTING REPLY!

CUSTOMER: Could I try that suit on in the window?
TAILOR: No, sir. You'll have to use the changing rooms like everyone else!

STEPHEN SWINDELLS, MANCHESTER.

LOOK OUT, INDIA!

There was a young airman called Rutter
Who wanted to fly to Calcutta.
He began with a bang
A clash and a clang
But the furthest he got was the gutter!

GEORGE RAE, DALKEITH.

A GREAT ESCAPE!

This man was trapped in a cell. There was no door, no windows. He escaped but how did he do it?
ANSWER: He rubbed his hands until they were sore. He took the SAW and cut his table in two halves. Two halves make a whole. He climbed through the HOLE and then shouted until he was hoarse. He quickly jumped on the HORSE and rode to safety!

ELIZABETH MOORE, CO. DUBLIN.

HEE-HAW!

When is a Scotsman like a donkey?
When he walks along the banks and BRAYS!

CHRISTOPHER BROWN, LONDONDERRY.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 21.4.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Pirates had great fun—me's gonna play pirates today.

The bin can be my galleon—but first me'll make mud pies for firing broadsides.

Now me'll dig a hole to bury my pirate treasure.

SOON—

Tum-ti-tum! Wonder what's for...

DAILY DEPRESS

... lunch? AAAARGH!

SPORT DAILY DEPRESS

GERROUT OF THERE! Me's going to bury my treasure—last week's Nutty.

NUTTY

Hee! Hee! Dad's angry—prepare to repel boarders!

HOWL!

FIRE!

SPLAT!

Wait till I get my hands on you.

Oo-er! Abandon galleon!

Gotcha, Captain Blacknappy! And I know just the punishment for you.

Me's gone right off bein' a pirate!

Walk the plank, you grubby urchin!

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